

around their open camp fires told of a joy too deep for words and too sacred for a public demonstration. Such demonstrations as followed the receipt of the news of the Armistice in our cities, would have been as much out of place on the front that day as at the funeral of a great and honored personage. We were on hallowed ground—hallowed and forever made sacred to us by the blood of our own comrades, whose mangled and shell-torn bodies still lay around us on the battlefield.

The night of the 12th was spent by the side of a cemetery in Moulainville, where we bivouacked again around cheerful camp fires with the starry heavens open to our gaze.

The next day we hiked to Camp Driant, where we spent five days resting and getting ready for the long hike back to a training area in central France.

The 175 kilometer hike from the front to this training area in the vicinity of Chatillon-Sur-Seine will always stand out as one of the greatest feats of our overseas experience.

This hike was made with full packs, and with all the accouterments pertaining to the full and complete equipment of the American soldier. The march covered fifteen days, November 18-December 3, and was a severe test of physical endurance, morale and the jovial, happy disposition of the American soldier. Among the many things that added to the difficulty of the hike